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THE  
**LADIES'**  
**MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

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AUGUST, 1817.

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*MISS LYDIA ELLEN MERRY.*

**B**EAUTY and talent, when united to private worth and modest demeanour, are sure to interest the public in behalf of a youthful performer, and secure them protection for the trial and full developement of their powers. This justice is, and ought to be accorded, even when talent presents itself without the pleasing attractions of personal charms and innate virtue; but when blended, the recommendation is irresistible; and commands both attention and respect, however imperfect these first attempts may really be.

Miss Lydia Ellen Merry, of whom a fine Portrait embellishes the present Number, made her first appearance in Mandane, in Artaxerxes, at the English Opera-house, on the 18th July, 1816, and was received with rapturous and enthusiastic applause by a crowded audience: her diffidence and native modesty was with difficulty so far surmounted as to enable her to display the sweetness and extent of her voice, but applause revived her confidence, and when restored to sufficient self-possession, she warbled her songs in the most enchanting-style; and while the amateur was

captivated with her science and voice, others were enraptured with her voice, manner, and a pleasure inexpressible. She appeared for the second time in Polly, in *The Beggars' Opera*, with equal success and applause.

Miss Merry has since been engaged by the managers of the Drury-Lane Theatre. This sudden promotion must, however, be in part attributed to the want of principal female singers at this theatre; a fortunate deficiency for her, though one which, for the public, it is to be hoped, will soon be supplied. She first appeared at this theatre in *Mandane*, on the 18th of November last, and was highly applauded; and next in *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*, with such marked success as to establish her reputation as a first-rate singer. Like most professional singers, her acting was not all that could have been wished; though not ungraceful, she wanted vivacity and manner. It were to be wished, that though excellence be indispensable in the science of music, actors of characters which require talents for both acting and singing, would pay more attention to the former, and not rely entirely upon their abilities for the latter;—it is required, and when competent, as in the present instance, we need not say that it is a desirable acquisition. We mention this with more earnestness, because it is but a too prevalent fault; not but that, in so young a performer, and with so little experience, much is to be expected, when a familiarity with the stage and long practice shall have matured her powers, given ease and freedom to her acting, and mellowed and improved the harmonious and full tones of her voice.

We are informed, that she at first reluctantly engaged in a profession so precarious through the advice of some judicious friends, who marked with discernment her improving voice and taste; and she was in consequence placed under the care of Mr. Coulson, and taught the first elements of musical science, which soon enabled her to execute those difficult airs she now performs with so much credit and applause. She was afterwards artied to Mr. T. Welsh, in

the year 1815; and the sweetness and expression with which she sings the most difficult airs do honour to his instructions, and render her an acquisition and ornament to the British stage.

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#### JUSTICE TEMPERED BY CLEMENCY AND IMPARTIALITY.

THE celebrated Charles Anthony Domat, author of a valuable treatise on the civil law, was promoted to the office of judge of the provincial court of Clermont, in Auvergne, where he presided with great applause twenty-four years. One day, a poor widow brought an action of process against the Baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of possession of a mill, which was her whole dependence. M. Domat heard the cause; and finding that she had ignorantly broken a covenant in the lease which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the baron for a poor, honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any real injury. But Nairac being inexorable, the judge pronounced a sentence of expulsion from the farm, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and also the costs of suit. In delivering this decree, M. Domat wiped the tears of compassion from his eyes, and assisted in raising the widow, who had fainted, from the floor. The compassionate judge then presented her with the hundred Louis d'ors, the amount of her damages and costs, which were paid to the unfeeling landlord in court, and the poor woman thus regained possession of her farm. "O my Lord!" she exclaimed, "when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?" "When my conscience," replied the virtuous Domat, "shall tell me that I have done an imprudent act."



## MOTHERLESS MARY;

A TALE.

*(Continued from page 14.)*

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## CHAP. V.

MARY no sooner cast her eyes on the box, than a confused recollection of having seen it before occurred to her; she opened and examined it, and was convinced, that either the same box, or its counterpart, had once been her mother's; the features too of Mrs. Williams seemed familiar to her, but she could not exactly call to mind where, or when they had last met. "You seem to admire that box, miss," said the loquacious landlady; "it is an old fashioned piece of goods. I have had it myself these fifteen years, and it was not new then." "Pray, who gave it you?" asked Mary, hastily. This abrupt question, uttered without thought or design, brought a deep colour into the face of Mrs. Williams, who, after some recollection, replied, "That is a curious question, miss; I dare say, you would not know, if I told you." "Perhaps not," returned Mary, with a sigh; "only I thought I had seen it before, and about the time you speak of; my poor mother had just such a box." "Your mother! why, bless me, is your name Mary Powel?" This unguarded question convinced Mary that her conjecture was right, and she replied in the affirmative. Mrs. Williams, who was, in fact, the woman who had so unfeelingly robbed and deserted Mrs. Powel in her last moments, was too cunning to betray herself farther, but putting her handkerchief to her eyes, as if the recollection affected her, but, in reality, to conceal her shame and confusion, she replied, "Well, indeed, this is curious enough; that box was indeed your mother's; I knew the poor lady very well; she



left it in my care, and I have kept it ever since." "Then pray tell me," cried Mary, eagerly, "do you know any thing of her family, or connexions?—of my father?" "I do not indeed, my dear; all I know is, that your mother was quite a gentlewoman, and I have heard her speak of your father as being abroad, and, from what I could learn, over head and ears in debt. This account corresponded with the circumstance of the letter she had received, and Mary now flattered herself, that she might yet find him in London. She, therefore, wrote Mrs. Bouverie, that, through some mistake, she had not found her father at the house to which she was directed, but had fortunately met with a friend of her mother's, with whom she would remain a short time, if it met Mrs. Bouverie's approbation." The return of post, to Mary's consternation, brought the following letter—

MARY,

I am desired by my mama to inform you, that your proceedings are a matter of perfect indifference to her, since you have thought proper to quit her protection in such a scandalous manner; she is not ignorant that Captain Morley accompanied you to town; therefore, you cannot expect to make her house your home when he is tired of you. Your box is sent by the coach, and you may get it by enquiring at the office. Any letters that you may write will be returned unopened, as mama is no longer to be imposed on by your pretended innocence.

CHARLOTTE BOUVERIE.

Mary had not recovered from the agony into which this cruel and unjust accusation had thrown her, when Captain Morley entered. "For heaven's sake, my dear girl, what has distressed you thus?" cried he, hastening towards her. "Oh! sir, you have done me an irreparable injury; read that letter, Captain Morley, and see what misery you have brought on a poor friendless orphan." Morley perused it with evident rage and indignation; then, tearing it to pieces, exclaimed, "Detestable malice! vile artifice! Mary," he continued, taking her hand, "I can now explain

all this; listen to me with composure, and you will find that, if I have injured you, it has been unintentionally. That I love you, Mary, I will not deny—" "Stop, sir," cried Mary, hastily, "your expressions give me more terror than satisfaction; this is no time for trifling, it is adding insult to injury." "You are too sensitive, Mary; I do not mean to insult you; shall I say, I suspect the state of your feelings? I fear, indeed, I am almost certain, Bouverie is the object of your preference." "Captain Morley," said Mary, gravely, "I must again repeat, that you insult me; I know my station in life too well to believe, that either Mr. Bouverie or you ought, with any propriety, to be the subject of my thoughts, or can address any professions to me which I should be justified in listening to." "You are a very prudent little girl, I find," said Morley, smiling; "but we will discuss this subject another time. Now, Mary, I must tell you, that the letter you received was a forgery; it was written by my servant, at the desire of Norton, who acted for her young lady. Miss Bouverie, desirous to get you out of the way, set her wits to work, and finding in one of her novels a letter, likely to suit her purpose, desired the girl to make James copy it, with some alterations, which she marked, to suit her purpose." "You astonish me," said Mary; "could Miss Bouverie be capable of such an artifice?" "She was, I assure you, but her malice shall recoil upon herself; for I will go to Henfield, and expose the whole transaction to Mrs. Bouverie and Horatio, just as my man has confessed it to me." "As far as may be requisite for my defence, and your own vindication, I will thank you to do so," said Mary; "but I do not wish you to let any desire of serving me, injure her in the estimation of Mr. Bouverie." "His estimation!" repeated Morley, unguardedly; "he despises her, I well know, for her treatment of you." The animated satisfaction which beamed on the countenance of Mary at this assertion, convinced Morley that he had been rather imprudent, but he was too generous to attempt to recall his words and, though he found he had done no good to his own cause, by raising what might prove a fal-

lacious hope, he suffered her to retain a consolation so flattering. "But now, my dear Miss Powel," he resumed, "we must decide upon the course most proper to pursue; under existing circumstances, you must not return to Mrs. Bouverie, even if she were willing to receive you; but I think, if you have no objection, I can introduce you to a patroness who will justly appreciate your merit; you shall, therefore, hear a little of my family history. My mother died when I was very young, and while my father was labouring under some embarrassment, the consequence of youthful extravagance, my grandfather undertook the charge of maintaining and educating me and a brother a year older, and obtained an appointment in India for his imprudent son, who remained there several years; we were placed at Harrow-school, and I had no correspondence with my father, until the old gentleman's death, when he returned the husband of Lady Margaret, a woman almost young enough to be his daughter; she is, however, very amiable; and it is to her I am anxious to introduce you; I am a particular favourite with her, and my recommendation will have great weight, as she knows that, with all my follies, I am no libertine. My mother was a Bouverie, and I shall come into a tolerable fortune in case of the projected match between Charlotte and Horatio, so you see I am likely to be a gainer one way, if I am a loser the other. However, I have entered upon this statement, to convince you, that it is want of ability, rather than of inclination, which prevents my making you an offer of my hand."

Sensibly impressed by the generosity and candour of this declaration, Mary could scarcely express herself as she wished. "Grateful as I feel for the too favourable opinion you profess to entertain of me, Captain Morley," said she, "be assured, that no mercenary motive would induce me to take advantage of your disinterested kindness; I shall, however, be happy to avail myself of your good offices with Lady Margaret, and, should I be so fortunate as to be received by her, will do all in my power to merit her favour." "Come, you are as tractable as I expected," said Morley,



gaily, "and I shall have the pleasure of serving you in spite of yourself, and the still greater one of being in your society frequently." "Still complimenting, I find," returned Mary; "indeed, you must drop this strain, or I shall be afraid to accept any situation where I shall be likely to be exposed to such oppressive gallantry." "Well, I will say no more," replied Morley, pressing her hand, with cordial sincerity, as he took leave. I must try to make you like me, better by my future good behaviour." When he was gone, Mary found leisure to reflect calmly on all that had passed; the hints of Morley had awakened her to the conviction, that she had indeed allowed herself to cherish an idea of Bouverie, in a manner inimical to her peace; yet she felt ashamed, that a prejudice for which she could not account, should induce her to prefer him to the actively generous Morley; she was not insensible to the advantages which might result from his attachment, should she be able to repay it with her regard; but this she felt to be almost impossible; and she could scarcely bring herself to think that she was doing right in seeking the protection of his mother-in-law. When they next met, she intimated her scruples to Morley, but he eagerly overruled them, and assured her, that Lady Margaret was already prepared to receive her with kindness and esteem. "I have opened my whole heart to her," said he, "for I regard her more as a tender sister, than an austere mother-in-law; so you have nothing to dread from her observation." Mary thanked him, and the day of her introduction was soon fixed. Mary's first care was to coax Mrs. Williams out of the box, for which she made her a remuneration adequate to its value, even had it been honestly obtained; and then, with a palpitating heart, stepped into the carriage which Lady Margaret had obligingly sent to convey her to Manchester-street.

(To be continued.)

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ON THE

DUTIES ATTACHED TO AFFLUENCE.

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Selfishness too often prevails over Sympathy; and the sordid Individual merely consults his own Advantage.

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THOUGH the Great Creator of the Universe wisely intended that man should be dependant upon the exertions of his fellow creatures, yet how frequently do we behold the affluent and the elevated conducting themselves as if they alone had the power of enjoying all the comforts of existence. Fortunate, however, would it prove to society, and greatly beneficial to themselves, if these self-inflated men of fortune could be made to feel the effect of their own helplessness; and be deprived, for a short time, at least, of those services which they receive with such a mixture of insolence and arrogance! Fed, as they have been, in the lap of luxury, and rendered incapable of performing the most trifling service for themselves, what a contemptible figure would they present in society, if fate or fortune deprived them of their hereditary wealth. Whilst, if the humble or industrious are unexpectedly exalted, their only difficulty is, to suit their manners to their circumstances.

From the elevation of the prince to the humble state of the peasant, we perceive an admirably constructed gradation of rank; where each individual depends upon the other for the comforts of that station he is destined to fill. Shall proud man then presume to infringe upon the decrees of his Maker? Shall he be permitted to insult poverty, or vaunt over wretchedness, merely because the God of Mercy exempted him from becoming a participator in their trials and distress? Providence kindly made these distinctions in

society for the purpose of invigorating the social sympathies, and affording man perpetual opportunities of contributing to his fellow-creatures' happiness.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," said our Great Creator; and every action of His beloved Son's tended to enforce this admirable precept. And from the sacred writings we are informed, that "Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Hence we learn, that the love of God, to be pure and holy, must be identified with the love of our fellow creatures; and he who, by haughtiness of demeanour, insults the children of poverty, cannot be called a disciple of the blessed Jesus.

But to return to that selfishness which feels only its individual sufferings; and becomes insensible even to those with whom it is connected; with such characters, it may justly be said, that the soft tide of sympathy from contraction actually becomes stagnant. We are placed in such circumstances, and surrounded with such relations, as tend to invigorate all the social sympathies; yet in vain may the ties of nature, or the claims of affection, make their appeal to hearts of this description; for if a latent trait of benevolence lurks in the disposition, it is counteracted by a domineering selfish principle, and a despicable sordidness extinguishes every noble and generous sensation.

Can it be supposed, that the Great Giver of all good lavishes his bounty upon his creatures for individual enjoyment and gratification? No; they are agents employed by the hand of Omnipotence for the purpose of circulating his kindness and munificence.

We are told in the sacred writings, that it would be less hard for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God; this difficulty cannot proceed from the mere acquisition of fortune, but from the general manner in which that fortune is used. When we reflect at how trifling an expence the situation of our suffering fellow-creatures might be ameliorated in the different counties both near and remote from the metropolis



by the benevolent exertions of a few of their affluent inhabitants, it is scarcely possible to restrain emotions of resentment. Many, doubtless, there are, who, dignified by birth and fortune, dispense the latter in mitigating the woes of poverty and distress, yet far greater, I fear, are the number of those who apathetically hear of their sufferings, and who have never stretched out their hand to relieve them.

Though to characters of this description, common appeals may be unavailing, yet I would remind them of what the great Instructor of mankind has said; namely, that even a cup of cold water, if bestowed with real charity, shall receive its reward in realms of immortal bliss. If pure benevolence cannot inspire, the hope of recompence may actuate them to stretch forth a helping hand in this time of distress; and suffering affliction benefit by their exertions, whatever may be their motive.

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#### PREACHING SOMETIMES PRODUCES DROWSINESS.

MALHERBE, the famous reformer of French poetry, and of the French language, dined one day at the table of a bishop, who was to preach a sermon the same evening, but who was more hospitable than eloquent. The dinner was good, the wines delicious; and the poet having freely partaken of both, began to nod, for want of enlivening conversation. When the hour came for the bishop's going to church, he shook Malherbe by the arm, and said, "It is time to start, Malherbe. You know I am to preach this evening." "Ah! my lord," said the poet, "be so good as to excuse me; for I can sleep very well where I am."

## THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

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TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

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*(Continued from page 40.)*

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I WAS so confounded at his not partaking of my indignation against the baker, that I stood mute and motionless. Besides, I had just put myself in a passion for the first time in my life; for no abuse is spoken, nor is there any fighting in the valley. I was as uneasy as resentful; I much feared having wounded my adversaries dangerously; and I soon saw with great pleasure, that they had only received some slight contusions. Don Pedro easily appeased them by his liberality; he also gave money to the poor woman, and the bread in pieces that I had broken on her account. Every one was satisfied but myself. I was still choked with rage; and, at the same time, repented having so ill-treated my fellow beings. Before I got into the carriage, I put a large fine scarlet-cloak upon the poor woman's shoulders, that Don Pedro had given me, saying, that is to clothe you. Seeing me do this, all the people who were assembled round, began to laugh: they regarded me as a foolish fellow; and Don Pedro at this moment thought, I believe, that, in being responsible for me, he had undertaken to fill a rather difficult office. When we were in the carriage, in spite of the natural mildness of his temper, he said, in a severe tone,—Placid! this is a strange scene! To give alms to this woman, you have run the risk of killing two or three men! What right had you over the property of this baker?

—How is it possible to see with indifference a Christian, exposing such a quantity of bread, refuse a loaf to an unfortunate woman and two starved infants?—This baker perhaps has children also, a wife, and numerous family; do you know the state of his affairs, and the charity that he does in private? How do you know, that he had not an intention of secretly relieving this poor woman? for it is in this way especially that we ought to give. You speak of religion! one of the first laws that it imposes, is, not to judge ill of your brethren by outward appearances. And in what part of the Holy Scriptures do you see that it is permitted to seize on the wealth even of a miser, in order to do a good action?—I feel I am in error; but consider, that though the reading of the sacred writings has made me acquainted with the laws of numerous communities, I am yet to be familiarized with the conception of property. With us, all goods are in common; we never hear of unfeeling conduct.—You have more land and herds than are necessary to support your colony. But let us suppose that a mortality of cattle and other scourges had produced a real dearth in your valley, and that you were united to your Inès, and the father of several children, would you not take advantage of your strength and agility to go and gather herbs and wild fruits upon the steepest rocks, in order to bring them to your family?—Assuredly.—And being in possession of these aliments, would you yield them to others, or even to the infirm and aged, if you were required?—No, doubtless.—Yet you would have stolen them, since every thing is in common amongst you, and every thing ought to be divided. You see then that this law of an ever equal division is absurd; because it is not in nature, and besides would destroy all kind of industry. A supreme, irrevocable decree of divine justice condemns man to labour. He is truly laborious only when he has the hope of acquiring, or increasing a property. Thus God is not perfectly obeyed in this essential point but by a people who enjoy these advantages; thus our social laws are more conformable to the spirit of religion than your's.



The idleness of all savages, the indolence of the Bat-tuécas, justify this opinion. In fine, virtue, in all its lustre, can only shine among us; that is to say, among nations altogether civilized. I have just proved to you, that, on certain occasions, you would be a thief, and even cruel towards your fellow citizens, by violating the general law, and leaving the infirm, the aged, and the orphan, &c. to perish; and you could never be generous; for you have nothing to give. There are sublime virtues which you cannot comprehend.—Yes, cried I, yes; I conceive them: the more exalted a man is by virtue and genius, the more removed he is from the brute creation, and the more he answers the intentions of his Creator, who deigned to animate him with his divine breath. The vast superiority of man to animals is one of the proofs of the immortality of the soul. To enlarge as much as possible our intellectual faculties, is a religious duty; it is to fulfill our destination. God has done nothing in vain; and the virtuous employment of all our physical and moral strength is doubtless, in his eyes, a worthy homage of our gratitude. Human industry honours the Creator, by setting to work all the faculties that we owe to his goodness. To remain in voluntary ignorance is to despise and reject his gifts. God gave us the empire of the universe, since alone, among animated creatures, man can cultivate the earth, and force it to produce the treasures that it contains in its womb, and can tame the most savage animals. God has created such an abundance for the only being, who at once knows how to enjoy, appreciate, multiply, and bring them to perfection. Without man, all these stores, all this magnificence, would be useless, or as if not existing; they are exposed, or concealed, for us alone, to be the objects of our astonishment, or of our discovery. Doubtless, replied Don Pedro, the beauty of the scene is appointed solely to delight the beholder: plants are gifted with certain properties for those only who know their use; the perfume of flowers is produced for a delicate scent; the diamond, marble, and precious stones, which have so much brilliancy, are not destined to remain hid in the earth; each

beauty of the creation ought to obtain a tribute of admiration; are not the arts which develope and employ them all of divine institution? Did not God teach them to the legislator of his people? Did he not wish that they should conduce to his worship? It is the same with the sciences; all their mysterious elements are taken from nature; we can discover her unerring laws, the results, and make useful applications of them; but the first cause remains concealed; and will ever be inexplicable. Like this beneficent river,\* which fertilizes the land that it inundates, but whose source is unknown, the sciences spread inestimable benefits among the people who cultivate them, and the source is unknown: the marvellous cause of so many surprising effects is in the powerful hand of the Creator; and concealed from us for ever by an impenetrable veil.

I listened to Don Pedro with delight, and this conversation soon made me forget my anger and indignation. Ah! cried I, how sweet and consoling are these reflections! Yes; he who can admire the sublime works of the Eternal, cannot perish! This noble creature, who owes his existence to the immortal conception of an infinite love, man, created to know and adore the author of so many wonders, will live for ever; his gratitude is the assured pledge of his happy immortality, since it is a part of the glory of the benefactor, and no part of this supreme glory can be annihilated.—You now then conceive, said Don Pedro, that the state of ignorance and idleness in which all property is in common, is not the state for which man was created?—Yes, since this state befriends none but the idle, and individuals divested of genius and industry.—Submit then to the customs and laws of countries wholly civilized; and do not renew outrages which would terminate by involving us in troublesome disputes.

This exhortation was very reasonable; and I promised Don Pedro, that, for the future, charity should not again induce me to commit thefts, and beat bakers. Don Pedro, to spare me the mortification of seeing alms solicited, or-

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\* The Nile.

dered one of his domestics, who was going before, to give to every poor person he met, on condition that they should not approach the carriage. The rest of the journey presented me with sights equally agreeable and surprising. Every place we put up at appeared to me voluptuous, even the worst inns. I was never tired of admiring the furniture, the apartments, and the politeness of those who received us. To me the repasts were real feasts; so that, from the first day, I was so ill after supper, that I determined to moderate my taste for good living. I did not wish to drink wine, a strong liquor which till then I had never known. Don Pedro persuaded me, that, with cooked provisions, the use of wine was indispensable; and made me drink half-a-bottle of it, which intoxicated me; I was so ashamed of having totally lost my reason for some hours, that I made a vow to renounce this dangerous drink for ever, and I have kept my word. We arrived in the night at Madrid, and I lodged in the elegant house of Don Pedro, which dazzled me with its splendour; but I was so fatigued, that I hastened to rest. The softness of my bed kept me awake all night. I was so ill and altered the next day, that Don Pedro would have sent for a physician. No, no, said I, by taking away all the useless garniture from this fine bed, making use of my legs, and eating much less, I shall soon recover my health. Indeed I no longer wished to be shut up in these carriages, apparently so commodious, but in which one is stifled.

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#### TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY of mind and patience contribute as much as any thing whatever to the curing of diseases. On this principle, the circumstance of animals not labouring under illness so long as human beings. Brutes do not think so much as we, nor vex themselves about futurity; but endure their maladies without reflecting on them, and recover from them by the sole means of temperance and repose.



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## A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

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IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S——.

*(Continued from page 44.)*

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### LETTER II.

JUPITER, now in peaceable possession of Olympus, divided with his brothers the empire they had assisted him to gain. He reserved the Heavens for himself, the infernal regions he bestowed upon Pluto, and assigned the dominion of the seas to Neptune. Each was satisfied with his share, and they began their reign with every appearance of happiness and tranquillity. Jupiter espoused his sister Juno; but the joy which their nuptials created in the celestial court, was interrupted by the formidable invasion of the giants.

Enceladus and Briareus headed these monsters, who were soon joined by the terrible Typhens, a giant with a hundred heads. Devouring flames issued continually from each of his mouths; his incessant and horrible roaring terrified both gods and men. This monster, whose stature extended from the earth up to the heavens, flattered himself that he was invulnerable, the upper part of his body being covered with impenetrable feathers, and the lower part defended by hideous serpents, who coiled themselves round his huge limbs. Typhens, and his wife Echina, who was half a woman, half a serpent, were the parents of the Gorgon, Geryon, Cerberus, Sphinx, &c. &c.

The giants commenced their operations by heaping mountains upon mountains, in order to scale the heavens; at this terrific sight, the whole court of Olympus were thrown into

the greatest consternation, and the majority of the gods flying different ways, left to their sovereign the danger and the glory of defending his dominions. Thus deserted, the courage of Jupiter began to fail, and he was upon the point of taking refuge in flight also, when he recollected that an oracle had foretold, the giants could not be conquered without mortal aid; and he called his son Hercules to his assistance. Bacchus also, assuming the form of a lion, opposed himself to the invaders. The thunder-bolts which Jupiter had received from the Cyclops, whom he liberated from their confinement when he dethroned his father, turned the scale of victory in his favour; the giants were defeated, Briareus was imprisoned in the abysses of the ocean, some others were buried under the mountains which they had heaped up, and the remainder were thrown into Tartarus.

Typhæus alone escaped the vengeance of Jupiter, for the bolt which the thunderer aimed at him, was repelled by his impenetrable plumage. He seized Jupiter by the waist, and with an adamant scythe, he lopped off the arms and legs of the god, whom he imprisoned in a cave. Mercury and Pan, however, soon contrived to liberate him, and restore his mutilated limbs. He instantly mounted his car, drawn by winged steeds, and hastening in pursuit of Typhæus, attacked him with his thunderbolts so fiercely, that at last the monster was overcome, and secured under Mount Etna, where his impotent rage spends itself in those fiery eruptions which desolate the surrounding country.

With the restoration of Jupiter's empire, the silver age began; Virtue was once more worshipped upon earth, but, alas! her power daily decreased; and Jupiter, father of gods and men, wearied at length with the impiety of the human race, descended among them to judge, by his own experience, how far they were capable of carrying their depravity.

Lycaon, king of Arcadia, who was universally detested for his cruelty, dared to insult the God by serving up to him, at a banquet, the limbs of a slave whom he had caused to be murdered for the purpose. Jupiter, who had demanded

of him the rights of hospitality, justly incensed at the atrocity of his conduct, reduced his palace to ashes, and changed him into a wolf. It was upon this occasion, that the title of Jupiter Hospitalis was added to his others.

He was still more celebrated under the title of Jupiter Ammon, which he acquired from the timely assistance he rendered Bacchus. As this god was one day traversing a sandy desert in Arabia, he was seized with a burning thirst at the moment when nothing but a dry and barren waste met the eye of the fainting deity; Jupiter suddenly appeared in the form of a ram, and stamping his hoof upon the earth, a copious spring burst instantly from the spot. Bacchus erected a temple there immediately, which he dedicated to Jupiter Ammon.\*

Thus far, the fables related of Jupiter offer nothing to disgust us, but when we turn to the tales, and read of his conduct to the goddesses, as well as to those fair mortals who were the victims of his desires, we cannot cease to wonder at the blindness of his worshippers. Suffice it to say, that nothing restrained him in the pursuit of beauty; he assumed even the forms of different animals to compass his designs; nay, once, when the fair Danae was secluded from him in an impenetrable tower, he contrived to gain an entrance in the shape of a golden shower. This artifice of his taught mankind a bad lesson, and one, unfortunately, which they still practice. After this character of Jupiter, you will not be surprised to hear, that the celestial court was soon thronged with gods and demi-gods, who were the offspring of his amours.

Juno acted on these occasions as most mortal wives would have done, first scolded, and then forgave her husband; but never ceased to direct her jealous fury against the objects of his attachment, some of whom became the victims of her revenge. The continued indifference, and even scorn with which Jupiter treated her, inflamed her anger at length to such a degree, that she entered into a conspiracy

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\* This word, in the Greek, signifies sand.



to dethrone him. Neptune and Minerva joined in the plot; they succeeded in seizing Jupiter, and loading him with chains; his captivity was not, however, of long duration; Thetis compassionated him, and engaged Briareus to release him. Jupiter, once more at liberty, pardoned the share his deliverer had taken in the rebellion of the giants; and Juno from that time contented herself with those matrimonial remonstrances called *curtain lectures*, and never again rebelled, except in words, against her sovereign and husband.

Jupiter is sometimes represented seated upon his eagle; at others upon a throne of gold. Nothing can be more majestic than his figure; his piercing eyes sparkle under brows of ebony; his chin is covered with a thick beard; in one hand he holds a sceptre composed of cypress; because that wood being free from corruption, is emblematic of his eternal reign; while with the other, he grasps those terrible bolts which reduced the rebellious giants to obedience. His robe is of golden cloth, of the most magnificent texture. Sometimes he is represented alone; at others, surrounded by the deities who formed his council: these were Juno, Minerva, Venus, Ceres, Diana, and Vesta; Neptune, Apollo, Vulcan, Mars, and Mercury. But besides these twelve celestial gods, there are eight more who form the first class, and also a second and third class of divinities, of whom we shall speak in their turn. At present, I think it high time to conclude my letter, and your speaking eyes, I have no doubt, declare at this moment that you are entirely of my opinion. Ah! dear Charlotte, could we but agree upon every subject, how blissful would be the lot of

Your

CLERMONT.

(To be continued.)

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**MARMONTEL AT ST. BRICE;**

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**AN ANECDOTE,**

FROM THE FRENCH OF J. N. BOUILLY.

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OF all the pleasures which it is possible to derive from the most successful literary career, there is none which so delicately flatters the self-love, natural to all men, and perhaps most exquisitely felt by an author, as to perceive the advantages his children derive from his talents, to find them profit by his instructions, and to behold in them those early indications of genius which promise to perpetuate and reflect new lustre on a name already celebrated. It was to attain this desired object, that Marmontel retired from the brilliant circles of Paris, and resigning his claim to public homage, to reside in the small, but pleasant village of St. Brice, devoting his whole time and attention to the education of his son. He occupied a neat and commodious house, situated near the chateau de St. Brice, the present proprietor of which was an old farmer-general, who lived in a style of hospitable magnificence, and was celebrated still more for his benevolence to the poor, and the extreme tenderness of his attachment to his children. He had been a widower many years, and had declined forming any new connexion, that his heart might not be weaned from those children, from whose duty and affection he hoped to derive the sweetest consolation in old age; but, alas! in this he deceived himself; for his three daughters, splendidly established in life, no sooner mingled in the scenes of dissipation, by insensible degrees forgot the claims of an aged and lonely parent; and without intending to neglect him, or to wound his feelings, gave him so little of their society, that his heart was sensibly pained; and, though too proud to complain of their

unkindness, he pined in secret, and was wretched, while appearing to enjoy every possible advantage of wealth, fame, and domestic happiness; for his daughters treated him with respectful deference, when they did indulge him with their company; but their engagements were so numerous, and the demands of pleasure so fascinating, that his frequent invitations were evaded from time to time, by pretences which afflicted, though they could not offend him. The garden in which Marmontel passed some of his pleasantest hours, was separated from the park of the chateau only by a low wall, and the solitary mourner could, from his spacious desmenes, regard with a feeling not far removed from envy, and hear the delighted father pouring sweet instruction into the ear of his attentive child, and often indulging in a rapturous enumeration of the delights resulting from the reciprocal endearments of paternal and filial affection.

The celebrity which Marmontel had acquired, rendered his name a sure passport to the best society; and the old gentleman no sooner learnt who he had for a neighbour, than he made overtures towards an acquaintance, which were not rejected by Marmontel, who loved society when it was not likely to interfere with his still greater love of retirement; he therefore visited occasionally at the chateau, and strove to interest his hospitable entertainer by his own simple, yet pleasing occupation; he soon perceived that, in the midst of his opulence, he laboured under some secret unhappiness, and hearing him frequently expatiate, with tears of sensibility, on the felicity Marmontel enjoyed as a father, was not a little surprised at the neglect he found he experienced from his own children. When he saw any of them at the chateau, and they were remonstrated with on the length of time that had elapsed since their last visit, how cold and frivolous their excuses seemed: one complained of the fatiguing distance of five leagues, which she might accomplish in her carriage in the short space of two hours; another pleaded the care of her young family, though they were always consigned to the charge of a governess; and the third, who had no family to engage her time, nor great distance



to plead as an excuse, always found it too hot or too cold, too wet or too dusty, to venture out of doors! the damps of the morning were unpleasant, the mid day sun oppressive, and the chilling breezes of the evening dangerous to one so delicately framed, and reared with such tender indulgence!

In a word, each lady had her pretence for not complying with the wishes of a doating father; and they were never to be met with together at the chateau, except on the day of St. Louis, which was also the day on which their parent was born, and which was always distinguished by his giving a fête, according to the custom of the country; there was, in fact, but this one day in the year that he might be said to enjoy his existence; for the succeeding one, which tore them from his arms, was one of heaviness and sorrow.

It is certain, that, on this occasion, each of them were sure to find under their cover, a costly gift, which might perhaps contribute not a little to make them punctual in their attendance, while the fond father, happy to see his children and kindred assembled together, cared not at what price he purchased their attendance; each relative found a purse of money proportioned to their immediate necessities; each child a toy or trinket, suited to their age and sex; while, in return, each presented to the lord of the chateau a bouquet, simple indeed, but from his children inestimable, as a jewel more valuable than gold.

It was at the end of the month of July, that the approaching anniversary of St. Louis was to be celebrated at the chateau; Marmontel, who knew the secret feelings of his venerable friend, conceived a project by which he flattered himself, he should be able to awaken the slumbering voice of nature in the hearts of his offspring; and for this purpose, he laboured incessantly on a work he had in hand, and of which he frequently read fragments at the chateau, it was his new "*Contes Moraux*," to which he then added a tale adapted to his purpose. The day at length arrived; many relatives and dependants were assembled; the rattling of carriage-wheels was heard, and the three daughters with their families entered the chateau; all was joy and reci-

procal felicitation; the dinner passed as usual, and the customary amusements ensued. In the course of the evening, the entertaining Tales of Marmontel were produced; the young people instantly crowded round him, and entreated him to gratify them by reading some to them; Marmontel pleaded the lateness of the hour, and his disinclination to interrupt the diversions which must be so much more agreeable, but promised, if they could prevail on their parents to stay the next day, he would read such as would amuse them. Their entreaties to this effect were, at first, disregarded, but when they became more importunate, the eldest of the ladies declared, that she had no objection to stay the night, if it would not put her father to inconvenience. "Inconvenience!" exclaimed the enraptured parent, "ah! it will be the happiest night I have known for many years." The touching tone in which he pronounced these words, acted like a reproach upon the hearts of his children, and they unanimously agreed to stay. On the following day, Marmontel, according to his promise, repaired to the chateau; the little happy circle closed round him, and he read first his "*Veillée*," with which they were all delighted, and then a few others, equally interesting; when he found their attention sufficiently engrossed, he ventured to begin that which he had composed for the occasion; it was "The Error of a good Father." At this description of a parent, who, by injustice and austerity, drove his son from him, by exposing him to the tyranny of a mother-in-law, every one of his auditors raised their eyes to the venerable man whose conduct afforded such a striking contrast. Marmontel continued to depict, with equal force and truth, the remorse and grief which Vanneville experienced, when he found himself in old age deprived of the solace of filial tenderness, and described, with all the energy of sensibility, the miseries of a man separated from his dearest relatives, and deprived of all those little social endearments which give zest to life. At this they all cried out, that he had deserved to suffer.

"It is true," said Marmontel; "but judge what must be

the feelings of a parent who finds himself deserted by children, for whom he has sacrificed every thing, whose unfailing tenderness has been extended to them from the cradle to maturity, who knows no joy but in their society. The less he has to reproach himself, the more keen must be his anguish at unmerited neglect; ah! it is not in my power to describe his sufferings."

"He shall suffer no longer," exclaimed the eldest daughter, bursting into tears, and throwing herself into the arms of her father, while the others, equally affected, fell at his feet, and embraced his knees! Marmontel, delighted with the success of his benevolent stratagem, and gratified with the consciousness of exciting so much sensibility, could not restrain his tears; they were tears of pride and pleasure. From that happy evening, it was decided between them, that their good parent should never be left alone, but that they should alternately pass a month at the chateau, while he, in turn, promised to visit each of them in rotation for the same space of time, that their domestic affairs might not be deranged by their attention to his comfort. Every one applauded such an amiable arrangement; and this hitherto divided family were ever afterwards united in the closest bonds of social amity. Marmontel exulted in his work, and pronounced his "Error of a good Father" to be the most excellent of all his productions, since it had contributed to so happy a *denouement*.

*Note, by the Translator.*—To bring this article within the desired limits, considerable deviations from the original were unavoidable, which the reader is requested to excuse.

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### LIFE.

THE progress of life may be compared to the five acts of a play—Act I. The state of innocence. Act II. The passions. Act III. Love of study. Act IV. Ambition. Act V. Devotion and quiet.



**THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.**

*(Continued from page 101, Vol. V.)*

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**COLONEL WALDSTEIN IN CONTINUATION.**

EXTRAORDINARY and harassing events have, for a time, suspended the progress of my narrative, yet, even to my Albert, I must not, dare not disclose them. The hand of death is on me ; let me, while I have power, bring my too tedious tale to a conclusion.

Soon after my arrival in Vienna, I succeeded in obtaining a commission in the Austrian army, and, for a time, lost remembrance of my recent troubles in the duties of my profession. I had placed Gulnare and you in a safe asylum ; but the poor girl pined for the scenes of early recollection, and feeling herself isolated, unknown, unloved, fell a victim to acute sensibility, which brought on a nervous consumption. Thus apparently doomed by fate to be bereaved of female protection, I know not how I should have been able to dispose of you, had not Providence again raised you a friend in the person of Madam Rosenheim, who, with her daughter, Katherine, resided at a short distance from the cottage in which I had established Gulnare ; she had frequently observed you in your walks, and with admiration of your youthful candour and generous disposition. Curiosity of the most amiable kind induced her to pry into your real situation ; the enquiry produced a discovery more gratifying than painful ; for Madam Rosenheim is, in fact, that Ellinor I have already mentioned, the only object of my sincere, my unalterable affection. Gratitude had, for a time, connected me with Gulnare, but my heart took not a lively interest in the association. From Ellinor I learnt, that she had not seen the destroyer of her peace since we

parted. The recital of his oppressive cruelty towards me and yourself affected her deeply; but I still found she was unalterably devoted to the constancy of a first attachment. "All my hopes and wishes now centre in my child," she would say; "to her welfare and instruction I mean to dedicate the remainder of my days, and should I live to see her eligibly established in the world, my sad scene of earthly sufferings shall be closed in religious seclusion." After hearing this determination, I ceased to solicit her, and contented myself with imploring her to let you share with Katherine her maternal care. This she faithfully promised, unhappily perhaps for her daughter; but I must not dwell on this subject. My active services have been rewarded with high military rank; you, Albert, have been successful in your career of honour; yet the evil which, from your birth, seemed to hang over you, again threatens to involve you in unmerited calamity. The malignant Demon who delights in deeds of mischief, is again ready with his spells; one word of mine might avert the impending horror, yet that word would cause such scenes of blood, disclose such deeds of infamy, that I have not courage to pronounce it. Albert! beware of ———

I was about to write a name which must ever cast a blot on the page of virtue, when a death-like sickness came over me, my hand refused its office, and I sank senseless on the ground. Surely this was a warning! But a short time can elapse ere I shall be released from this dreadful oath; to break it now would but involve my hovering soul in perdition. The hour of disclosure is not far off; let that content you; return, if possible, my Albert, to witness that awful moment—to hear my last acknowledgements, and to demand justice from your oppressor.

#### LETTER XXI.

ULRIC TO ALBERT.

WHY do you still fly us? Mistaken Albert! your best interests require your presence here. Ever yielding too readily to the wild impulses of a romantic imagination, you

waste those hours which might be passed in peace and happiness in the vain pursuit of ideal felicity. Why should this stranger engross all your thoughts? Can mere loveliness of form alone excite your homage? Or, if it did, can she be more lovely than the beauteous Katherine? Indeed, Albert, your perverseness both surprises and afflicts me, and I am but too apprehensive that you will find yourself the dupe of specious appearances, perhaps too late.

I have read your father's narrative, and am disappointed; the mystery is impenetrable; yet it appears to me, that his want of resolution alone has fettered him, and made him the too ready tool of designing villains. This artful Countess, I must keep a steady eye upon her; for greatly I suspect she is not the fair creature she would seem, but where is Glenfield? She passes for a widow, and asserts that her husband fell in India. The utmost vigilance will be necessary to detect the falsehood, which I suspect: would you were here to assist me. Shall I apply to Madam Rosenheim? Perhaps my interference might be misconstrued: she wishes to avoid observation; the name has never apparently excited her apprehensions, and I might do wrong to raise suspicions injurious to her peace. In truth, I know not how to act. Albert, wherever you wander, forget not that you have a sincere, a steady friend in

ULRIC.

#### LETTER XXII.

MICHAEL THE MONK TO JUAN VINDICI.

OUR secret is still safe, the old dotard is no more. From his own lips, I learnt enough to convince me, that all my hopes would be crushed, if his life were prolonged. I knew how to work upon his superstitious mind, and happily prevented a discovery that might have involved us all in peril. My father's return was unlucky, their meeting still more so; I have opportunely prevented its turning to our disadvantage; and as he died in ignorance that Glenfield's story was a complete fabrication, all may go on well, at least, till I have



secured the girl—then, demons of mischief, do your work, I fear you no longer! This hateful habit suits me not. I long for the enjoyment of my liberty. I must mix in the gay scenes of life again. I shall enjoy it with redoubled zest. This troublesome countess must be removed out of our way; her disposition is so malignant, that she would not scruple to fall in the general wreck, if she could gratify her own revenge; it must be a handsome bribe that will secure her secrecy. Something must be decided on speedily; therefore I command you not to leave me in this perplexity. I doubt whether Lord Glenfield will be willing to reward her *constancy*; for be it known to you, that a long deserted fair has a stronger claim, and I am but too apprehensive of his turning penitent. How I despise irresolution! If a man begins to play the villain, let him persevere, and not turn back half way. I owe this notable hint to your instructions. Farewell! I am summoned to vespers. Would the farce were over, and I no longer the cringing monk,

MICHAEL.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### DR. NICHOLAS WOTTON.

THIS gentleman, equally celebrated for his political knowledge, and for his classical erudition, had been fortunate enough to acquit himself to his monarch and the public's satisfaction, in the course of thirteen embassies to the Emperor, and other foreign princes. King Henry VIII. relied so much upon his integrity and wisdom, that, at a certain time, when he was preparing to send him abroad, he said, "I have sent a head by Cromwell, a purse by Wolsey, a sword by Brandon, and as these have proved ineffectual, I must now send you to treat our enemies with a little *law*, in order to see what influence that will have upon them.

**MANFRED;****A TRAGEDY, BY LORD BYRON.**

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IN presenting our readers with the following extracts from Lord Byron's Tragedy of "*Manfred*," we shall probably be expected to say something of the tragedy itself; and, therefore, as far as our scanty limits allow, we have attempted to give its general outline. This tragedy is almost wholly destitute of plot. From beginning to end, the noble author keeps but one object in his view, which he has pursued through every act and every scene with such unwearied assiduity, that it is with evident reluctance he at any time breaks off for the necessary introduction of subordinate matter. The characters are of course few; indeed, there is only one personage to whom any considerable importance is attached; but this one, whom he styles Manfred, and who is scarcely for a moment absent from our sight, is so ably and so powerfully delineated, that if he does not excite our admiration, he secures our interest, and rivets our attention. He is represented, like the other heroes of Lord Byron's poetry, as a being that differs from the rest of his fellow creatures—his views and his feelings, however perverted and distempered, have always been above the common level, and finding nothing of congeniality, either in men or manners, he has withdrawn himself from society, and indulged the gloomy bent of his disposition by the study of sorcery. In this he has so far perfected himself, that numerous spirits, attached to the different elements, have become subject to his command; and in his intercourse with these terrible agents, and in his consequent soliloquies, the greater part of the drama, now before us, may be said to consist. It appears, however, that he has been principally driven to this unearthly intercourse by the hope of alleviating some

secret and deadly sorrow, that has woven itself with his very existence, and which seems to have originated in his fatal passion for some dear object, who had loved him, even as he loved her; and whose extreme resemblance to himself approaches, in our opinion, the relationship of a sister. We are not told, however, any particulars that can decide us in such a conjecture; but it is darkly hinted that their affection for each other was of an unlawful and forbidden nature, and that she whom he thus doated upon, had fallen, in some way or other, a victim to that guilty attachment. The thoughts of Manfred are continually recurring to these unhappy circumstances; but all is wrapt in mystery, all is obscure and indistinct; he speaks by fits and starts, and a despairing melancholy pervades whatever he utters; he is conscious of his errors, and he deplores them; but feels, or imagines that repentance is too late; and, having nothing to hope for here, or hereafter, he endures the present, and looks forward to the future, with the proud and dreadful composure of defiance.

The play is written with all that intensity of thought, with all that depth and force of colouring, so peculiar to the works of the noble author. The character of Manfred is sketched with a strong and masterly hand, nor have any pains been spared to clothe the preternatural ministers that are introduced, with the sublime horrors that belong to their "sightless substances;" but having no diversity of incident or plot, this tragedy, however adapted for the closet, is quite unfitted for the stage, where, indeed, it has not been offered, nor could possibly appear but to disadvantage. Lord Byron is not to be comprehended by every one, and least of all by the crowd.

#### ACT I.—SCENE I.

MANFRED *alone*—*Scene, a Gothic Gallery—Time, Midnight.*

*Man.* THE lamp must be replenish'd, but even then  
It will not burn so long as I must watch:  
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought,



Which then I can resist not: in my heart  
 There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
 To look within; and yet I live, and bear  
 The aspect and the form of breathing men.  
 But grief should be the instructor of the wise;  
 Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most  
 Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,  
 The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.  
 Philosophy and science, and the springs  
 Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
 I have essay'd, and in my mind there is  
 A power to make these subject to itself—  
 But they avail not: I have done men good,  
 I have met with good even among men—  
 But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,  
 And none have baffled, many fallen before me—  
 But this avail'd not:—Good, or evil, life,  
 Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,  
 Have been to me as rain unto the sands,  
 Since that all-nameless hour. I have no dread,  
 And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
 Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes,  
 Or lurking love of something on the earth.—  
 Now to my task.—

ACT. II.—SCENE IV.

*Man.* Hear me, hear me—  
 Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:  
 I have so much endured—so much endure—  
 Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more  
 Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me  
 Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made  
 To torture thus each other, though it were  
 The deadliest sin to love as we have loved,  
 Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear  
 This punishment for both—that thou wilt be

One of the blessed—and that I shall die,  
 For hitherto all hateful things conspire  
 To bind me in existence—in a life  
 Which makes me shrink from immortality—  
 A future like the past. I cannot rest.  
 I know not what I ask, nor what I seek :  
 I feel but what thou art—and what I am :  
 And I would hear yet once before I perish  
 The voice which was my music—Speak to me !  
 For I have call'd on thee in the still night,  
 Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,  
 And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves  
 Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,  
 Which answered me—many things answered me—  
 Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.  
 Yet speak to me ! I have outwatch'd the stars,  
 And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.  
 Speak to me ! I have wander'd o'er the earth,  
 And never found thy likeness—Speak to me !  
 Look on the fiends around—they feel for me :  
 I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—  
 Speak to me ! though it be in wrath ;—but say—  
 I reckon not what—let me hear thee once—  
 This once—once more !

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### ACT III.—SCENE II.

*Man.*                      Glorious Orb ! the idol  
 Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
 Of undiseas'd mankind, the giant sons\*  
 Of the embrace of angels, with a sex  
 More beautiful than they, which did draw down  
 The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—

\* "That the *Sons of God* saw the daughters of men, that they were fair," &c.

"There were giants on the earth in those days, and also after that, when the *Sons of God* came in unto the daughters of men; and they bare children to them; the same became mighty men, which were of old, men of renown."

*Genesis*, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere  
 The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!  
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
 Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts  
 Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd  
 Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!  
 And representative of the Unknown—  
 Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!  
 Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth  
 Endurable, and temperest the hues  
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!  
 Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,  
 And those who dwell in them! for near or far,  
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,  
 Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,  
 And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!  
 I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance  
 Of love and wonder was for thee, then take  
 My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one  
 To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been  
 Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:  
 I follow.

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#### ACT III.—SCENE IV.

*Man.* The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!  
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
 Hath been to me a more familiar face  
 Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
 I learn'd the language of another world.  
 I do remember me, that in my youth,  
 When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
 I stood within the Colosseum's wall,  
 'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars



Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and  
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,  
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—  
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!  
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the place  
Became religion, till the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old!—  
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.—

"Twas such a night!

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time;  
But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight  
Even at the moment when they should array  
Themselves in pensive order.

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*TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.*

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SIR,

THOUGH there is little probability that a work avowedly designed for the fair sex should excite the attention of the legislators of these realms, yet being convinced of the influence which females of sense and sensibility frequently obtain over their husbands, I indulge the hope that the distress under which I labour, may become known through that medium; and the liberality of sentiment which shines so conspicuously in your *Epitome of Public Affairs*, leads me to believe you will not refuse inserting a domestic narrative.

Born in a remote part of England, sir, to which my parents had retired, with a view of renovating their circumstances, sixteen years of my life passed without my being afforded an opportunity of conversing with any man equal in education to the curate of our parish. The motive which induced my father to remove into this retired residence, prevented him from forming any acquaintance with the very few genteel families who lived in the neighbourhood; whilst pride, or dissimilarity of taste, operated against his associating with those who may justly be termed respectable farmers.

At the period of life described, however, the brother of our village pastor unexpectedly arrived from London; and as the former had received a general invitation from my father, the latter, soon after his arrival, was formally introduced. Frederick B—— was interesting, amiable, and accomplished; yet, alas! totally destitute of the gifts of fortune; he held an office, it is true, under government, yet the emoluments arising from it were small. Love at sixteen, however, can scarcely be supposed to weigh consequences; and the wisest of human beings had assured me, that a dinner of herbs with affection was better than a stalled ox without its all-sustaining charm; my heart acknowledged the truth

of this assertion, and I married in opposition to my father's commands. Though calm in his expressions of anger, it was neither to be softened by entreaties nor prayers; he forbade me his house, and from that fatal moment, he has refused to acknowledge me as his daughter.

Even the blandishments of love were unable to soften the sorrows of contrition; and though seven years have elapsed since the severe decree was past, I hourly deplore the crime of disobedience, and sigh to be restored to parental regard. Though the tender occupations of a mother gave a new turn to my ideas, yet whilst pressing the little cherub to my bosom, I seemed doubly sensible of the fault I had committed against my own father; and every additional pledge of conjugal affection seemed more indelibly to impress a sense of ingratitude.

My beloved husband was, and is, all the tenderest wife can wish for; yet, alas! neither formed by nature to struggle against poverty, nor to contend with difficulties; and his salary, even during war, was scarcely sufficient to support a wife and three young children. Judge then, if possible, Mr. Editor, the state of my feelings, when rumour reported there was to be a diminution of clerks in the public offices; for though my dear Frederick endeavoured to persuade me the measure was improbable, my foreboding heart sunk at the bare idea of it—a fatal anticipation which was too soon realized! In vain did my husband, and several others in a similar situation, present a petition, painting, in the strongest terms, the dreadful alternative which awaited them, if deprived of those resources by which alone they had prevented a youthful progeny from starving. "I cannot dig," said my half-distracted husband; "and to beg I am ashamed;" but all would not do; the fatal sentence was passed upon them; and starvation, in all its horrors, presented itself to our view.

Oh! Mr. Editor! could the powerful and the affluent but for one week become participators in the effect of economical retrenchments, with what sympathy of heart would they insist upon the sinecurists making an instantaneous



resignation of all their places; and thus rendering a service tenfold more useful to their country than that which arises from the dismissal of clerks in office.

In vain has my husband, sir, endeavoured to obtain occupation; hundreds, as well as himself, are now seeking employment; and by merchants, bankers, and tradespeople of every description, his overtures of service have been rejected. What is to be our fate, the Great Ruler of it only knows, sir; my husband's spirits, I grieve to say, are now at so low an ebb, that unless the God of Mercy sends him some employment, his health must fall a sacrifice to them.

At needle-work, I am happily an adept, and have fortunately obtained employment; alas! the fingers of one female are inadequate to the procuring of five persons bread; and having been compelled to discharge my only servant, my infant is alternately nursed by its father and myself. My Frederick's brother, it is true, with that fraternal affection which he has ever testified, has invited myself and children to share his scanty pittance; but eighty pounds a year, sir, the full extent of his income, cannot even procure an individual the comforts of competence; and if affluence were his lot, I could not bear to encounter the averted eyes of a once tenderly attached father.

Knowing that your admired publication, Mr. Editor, is circulated in the North of England, I think it probable my ill-fated destiny may attract the attention of that beloved parent; and that the recital of those sorrows which have arisen from disobedience, may induce him to afford me his forgiveness. Think not, I beseech you, sir, that I mean even indirectly to condemn that resentment which would have embittered the enjoyments of the highest affluence; for since I have become a mother, I most forcibly feel the respect which children ought to pay to the wishes of their parents; and sincerely hope, the poverty I have entailed upon my beloved offspring, may act as a beacon to warn the young and inexperienced.

It likewise occurred to me, sir, that some of your fair

readers might be placed in that elevated sphere of life which will enable them to paint to the suggestors of these unimportant retrenchments, the miseries which have arisen from that system of economy which involves hundreds in ruin; retrenchments which, in the aggregate, amount to a sum so trifling as scarcely to become an object in the annual national expenditure. At any rate, sir, your giving admission to the narrative of our misfortunes will convince me, that you sympathize in our sufferings, and confer an everlasting obligation on

Your most obedient,

London,

Humble servant,

June 15th, 1817.

AMELIA.

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#### A CAUTION.

*Appearances are often deceitful, Prejudices often ill-founded,  
and the severest Punishments often undeservedly inflicted.*

IN the Neapolitan gazette of January 8th, 1763, is this article—A married man of Cremona being missing for two or three years, and his wife in the mean time contracting a great intimacy with another man, induced a suspicion that she had murdered her husband. Rumour soon increased into a direct accusation, and she was apprehended. Being put on the rack, to avoid the torture, she accused herself of a crime of which she was entirely innocent; and in consequence thereof, she was burnt, and her ashes thrown into the Po. Five or six days after her execution, the husband arrived from Parma, where he had engaged himself for three years. Hearing of what had happened, he went to his wife's accusers and to the judges to clear up her character. Instead, however, of exculpating the woman's reputation, they turned against the husband, whom they charged as an impostor, saying, that the wife having confessed the murder, the man must really be dead; in consequence of which he was obliged to withdraw from the place, otherwise probably he would also have been put out of the way, to save the credit of the law.

ON

## THE UTILITY OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THOUGH the Great Author of our being wisely designated a wide difference in the situation of those creatures He formed in His own image, yet society may not inaptly be said to consist of two classes; the one blessed with the means of assisting, and the other requiring succour and assistance. Charity, we are informed in the sacred writings, possesses the power of covering a multitude of sins; and no species of that sublime virtue can be more acceptable in the eyes of Heaven, than that of instructing the unenlightened, and conducting the inexperienced into the paths of innocence.

Neither rank, nor riches, are, generally speaking, the reward of virtue; but the beneficent dispensation of a bounteous Providence, not merely bestowed for the luxuries of existence, but to make their possessors the agents of Omnipotence. How sweet is the reflection! How heart-soothing the gratification derived from a conviction of leading those into the paths of piety who would otherwise have been conducted into those of licentiousness! and this at an expence scarcely felt by the individuals who support these institutions of benevolence. That day which we are so repeatedly told to keep holy, was in a peculiar manner devoted to rioting and drunkenness; and even children, who could scarcely lisp the hallowed name of their Creator, were made participators in these scenes of licentiousness! By the introduction of Sunday-Schools, the latter are, in a great measure, prevented from witnessing scenes so likely to corrupt the purity of innocence; and, whilst the precepts of their divine master are inculcated, they imperceptibly learn to despise vice and wickedness.

Though benevolence of every kind carries its own re-



ward with it, yet that which is displayed towards childhood and helplessness, conveys to the heart the sweetest satisfaction which it is capable of receiving. Suffer little children to come to me, said our divine philanthropist; and surely the proprietors of these beneficial institutions may be said to be taking them by the hand, and by conducting them into the paths of piety, teaching them to expect the reward of righteousness. The Saviour of Mankind, whose whole life was spent in acts of benevolence, in the most earnest and pathetic language recommends the indigent to the affluent—"Inasmuch," says he, "as ye do good to one of the least of my brethren, ye do it unto me;" a declaration which must be considered as a strong incitement to the universal practice of charity.

The author of that universally admired book, termed *Ecclesiasticus*, in language which was the effect of divine inspiration, says, "Never turn away thy face from the poor man, lest the face of the Lord be turned from thee;" and in another part, assures us, "The unprofitable servant shall be cast into outward darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." General philanthropy and universal beneficence shed their benign influence throughout the scriptures; and we are not only commanded to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but to visit those who are in prison. If vice receives the punishment it deserveth, compassion ought to lead us to pity its woes; and to prevent crimes is doubtless more meritorious than to relieve misfortunes. The institutions which I am so desirous of recommending to my fair readers, have, in a peculiar manner, this desirable object in view; for the human mind receives an impressive bias at a very early period. The design of the Sunday-Schools is to promote the cause of pure religion, and to inculcate principles of morality, at that early period of existence when the heart may be moulded by the hand of sympathy.

There are some, I allow, who have insidiously asserted, that by instructing the lower classes, we injure the community; and that in proportion to their becoming enlightened,

they will grow dissatisfied with their Creator's decrees. But can an acquaintance with the Scriptures engender dissatisfaction? Will they not rather teach them to be contented with their lowly degree? Did not the king of heaven descend from his throne of majesty to the humble state of poverty? And does not the parable of the rich man and Lazarus convince them, that the distinctions of this world have no connexion with eternity?

Whatever tends to inculcate the practice of morality, must eventually be beneficial to society; and there is little probability that the casual instruction imparted one day out of seven, can prove injurious to the habits of industry. Yet the latter has been one reason assigned by the objectors to these evidently judicious institutions; objections which are at once futile and fallacious; for is it likely, let me ask, that any child who reads the Scriptures with attention, can suppose that, by neglecting to perform the duties attached to his station, he can render his actions pleasing in the sight of God? The wretched depravity, the deplorable ignorance, and the affecting profligacy, which almost universally prevail among the lower order in London, make a stronger appeal to the heart of the observing, than any language I can make use of. To impress the love of virtue upon the minds of those whose eyes are often exposed to scenes of iniquity, to instruct those in the paths of righteousness who possess not the advantage of parental admonition, even if the effort fail, must at least be performing a duty acceptable to the creator of the world.

To teach the ignorant, and reform the erring, is a duty which Christianity imposes on us all; and this can never be done with so much chance of succeeding as before the heart becomes impenitent and hardened. The very exercise of charity fills the soul with sensations at once tranquil and delightful, and tends to calm, like music, all worldly perturbations. It has, and I am of opinion, it may reasonably be doubted whether any virtue exists in that breast which is destitute of compassion; for, "If you love not your brother whom you have seen," enquires our Saviour, "how

can you love God whom you have not?" That this love, which we owe to each other, may induce the affluent to support the indigent, and excite them to promote these benevolent institutions, has been the object of the preceding observations.

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#### MADAM DE STAEL\*.

THE genius of this conspicuous and celebrated woman was rather splendid than useful. Her writings, which are voluminous, may be considered as indicating more knowledge than they impart: her reasonings are ingenious, and sometimes profound; her thoughts frequently original; her imagination, active, brilliant, and profuse, now and then perplexes the subject, which it ought to illustrate. Her power of luminous and eloquent expression must give the works of Madam De Stael a passport to every cultivated circle; but they belong much more to the class of luxuries than of sound and healthful diet for the mind. Her moral system must be searched for among the folds of rich and voluptuous sensibility with which she has invested it; and we are not sure that it will always bear the light. Few people, we are persuaded, have risen from her compositions with their taste purified, or their principles strengthened. The debt which the present generation owes to the alluring author of "Delphine" and "Corinne" bears some resemblance in character, though not in amount, to that which was imposed on the age preceding by the sentiment and sophistry of Rousseau. Where she counsels the reader to virtue, he does not feel more virtuously disposed; as, where she professes to treat of literature, she adds little to the common stock of learning. Madam De Stael was well known in England, where she mingled in the best and highest classes of society, and where her tone of conversation, though somewhat restless and authoritative, was admired for its elegance, vivacity, and power. For these remarks, we are indebted to a respectable cotemporary.

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\* Whose recent death is announced in our Epitome of Public Affairs for the present month, page 108.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

SIR,

SOME of your coteremporaries having lately given their readers a few specimens of enigmatical letters, I take the liberty of sending you the following, doubting not that some of your fair readers will easily decipher it.

I am, Sir,

Your old Correspondent,

J. M. LACEY.

COST MUCH TESTAMENT,

THE not the same African Prince I went with some Quakers to places for corn dead large pond and worth a great deal of money M. on D. and a very poet to strike up the feet we had of it we a game at cards above at the planet and tie up and eat the cheapest thing at a pastry-cook's d-pismirely of Northern small cuts a French lady incision-lets and not the same tit things in horses' mouths we had similar-not foolish physic a dead poet and things at auctions of other finical gone by-ry plural of I came the hinder part by an element and our not rich expensive pismire having a bird of passage'd fishers for pearls artificial transparent substances of the perused place for ships tumbled not under what would make a shelf but not a woman in a barge caught part of a ship of not him by the trifling part of man's dress and was the reverse of unprosperous sufficient to win her to the place in Threadneedle-street this threw one of the vowels chilly on our several people and we extended the upper part of a pillar quite out of gin rum and brandy.

Dead at a gift

From not my own, &c.

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR JULY, 1817.

On Saturday the 12th inst. the Prince Regent proceeded in state from Carlton House to the House of Peers, and prorogued Parliament. His Royal Highness's Speech, after expressing deep regret at the lamented indisposition of his Majesty, briefly notices the arts and industry exerted in many parts of the kingdom to alienate the affections of his Majesty's subjects, but speaks with confidence of the loyalty of the great body of the people; alludes to the restrictive Acts, and promises, that they shall be temperately, but efficaciously used. His Royal Highness thanks the House of Commons for the supplies granted, and for their diligent enquiry into the state of the income and expenditure of the country; expresses satisfaction, that every branch of the service has been provided for without any addition to the burthens of the people; mentions the new silver and gold coinage, provided for public convenience; the assurances of an amicable disposition received from Foreign Powers; the prospect of an abundant harvest; and the consequent improvement to be expected in the commercial relations of this and all other countries. The Speech concludes by recommending the members, on their return to the country, "to use their utmost efforts to defeat all attempts to corrupt and mislead the lower classes," &c.

There is something cheering in this, but on a reference to Mr. Brougham's address, and long and able speech on the State of the Nation, moved and made on the 11th inst. in the House of Commons, in which he took a comprehensive view of the Parliamentary proceedings of the Session, and the system pursued in our foreign relations and domestic policy, we find no reason for either hope or consolation: his description of the state of commerce, the character of our diplomacy, and the general condition of England, there is every reason to believe correct. We are sorry, that

though it gave rise to a most interesting debate, the motion was negatived without a division; since if these timely and well intended remonstrances are not attended to, the most fearful consequences are to be apprehended. It is to be hoped, that his remarks on the employment of the pestilential race of spies and informers will have the salutary effect of preventing ministers from encouraging such fellows, who, by their arts, have withdrawn numerous deluded individuals from their allegiance, that would otherwise have remained well-disposed to the King and Government.

The accounts from the country are most flattering. The prospect of an abundant harvest already begins to diffuse the blessings of plenty. The speculators in corn are sending their stores to market; and in every part of the United Kingdom, grain has fallen considerably in price. In Manchester, trade is reviving, and the journeymen are getting employment at reduced prices, until the return of more prosperous times. The peasantry are in general engaged in the hay-harvest; and thousands now out of employment will have work the moment the corn-harvest commences, which will be earlier than usual. In Wales, and other places, the furnaces are in blast; in Birmingham, there is a great alteration for the better; and the ports of Spain have been opened for the introduction of implements of husbandry, duty free. A part of the community may therefore look for a partial and temporary relief; but though we would not depress, and entirely crush the rising spirit of industry, we consider it our bounden duty not to hold out false hopes; for the people of this country can never be restored to their former state of happiness and independence, till the present overwhelming load of taxes are reduced at least one-half.

The accouchement of the Princess Charlotte of Cobourg is expected to take place in October next.

The fluctuations and great rise in the funds in a time of great distress is a subject of just surprise, and a proof that they are under the controul of those who are interested. There can be no doubt, that if they were thrown open to the public (that is, if the public bought and sold for them-



selves without the intervention of the brokers, who retire to their *sanctum sanctorum* to regulate the prices) the funds would gradually rise or fall but with little or no variation, according to the actual state of the country, whether prosperous or otherwise.

The harvest in France has commenced, and promises to be unusually abundant; and accounts from various parts of the continent give reason to expect that there will be a plentiful crop all over Europe.

Tuesday, the 8th inst. being the anniversary of the King of France's return to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, his Majesty reviewed thirteen Legions of the Parisian National Guards. The number under arms is estimated at 36,000 men. The streets through which the King passed were lined with military, and the white flag, and other appropriate emblems were displayed at the windows. The city, at night, was partially illuminated, and popular pieces were played at the theatres. In this unhappy country, a new band of conspirators, who had the imposing title of the order of the *Sleeping Lion*, has been denounced for trial. One Hollvilla was the Chief, and, according to report, he was supported and countenanced by a person of distinction. Nine more individuals were tried for being implicated in the late insurrection near Lyons, and found guilty; one was sentenced to die, and the rest to punishments proportioned to the supposed degree of their guilt.

The Princess Royal of Portugal was still, on the 24th ult. in the neighbourhood of Florence.

From Rome, it is stated, that the Princess of Wales occupied the country-house of the banker Scultheiss, in the precinct of Mont Aventine.

The French journals announce, that at twenty minutes past eleven, on the morning of the 13th inst. the Duchess De Berri (of whom an excellent Portrait and Memoir will be found in our Museum for October, 1816) was delivered of a daughter, who was immediately named by the King, Louisa Isabella D'Artois, Mademoiselle. The Duchess was taken ill at half-past eight in the morning, when the Duchess D'Angoulême, Monsieur, and the Duc D'Angou-

lème, proceeded without delay to the Elysée Palace. His Majesty arrived at nine o'clock. The Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, &c. with the Ministers of State, and other official personages, followed soon afterwards; and were, as is usual in such cases, present at the birth of the Princess. The rejoicings, however, on the occasion, were not of long continuance, for the infant died on the evening of the 14th, between eight and nine o'clock. The Duchess De Berri is not in a state to raise any apprehensions for her safety.

The same papers also state that the celebrated Madam De Stael expired on Monday, the 14th inst. at Paris, aged fifty-three. She was the daughter of Neckar and of Susan Curchod, the object of the early, perhaps the only passion of Gibbon, the Historian of the Roman Empire. A Memoir and Portrait of this distinguished woman, with an opinion of her genius and writings, will be found in the second volume and Numbers for June, July, and August, 1816, of this work.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### COVENT GARDEN.

MISS O'NEILL performed the character of Desdemona, for the first time, with great effect. In the delineation of her domestic sorrow, particularly when Othello first suspects, and treats her with neglect, she was powerful and affecting; and on the death-bed, when he charges her with [guilt on the confession of *Cassio*, she strongly excited the sympathy of the audience. Mr. Booth appeared in *Iago*. The house was extremely crowded.

This theatre closed on the 17th inst. for the season, on which occasion Mr. Fawcett, the stage-manager, spoke an appropriate address, in which he observed, "The termination of the present season has been marked by the retirement of one of the brightest ornaments of the British stage. The high public honours paid to the professional talents of Mr. Kemble must have the effect of stimulating the exertions

of those performers who may succeed him, that they may deserve and attain the like honours when they shall be obliged to bid you a last adieu!" This is in allusion to a meeting of Mr. Kemble's friends, held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, at which Lord Holland presided, and many of the Nobility, and the principal performers of the Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres were present, to commemorate and in honour of Mr. Kemble's departure from the stage. Lord Holland addressed him in an eloquent speech, and very justly attributed to him all the improvements which have been made in the Drama within the last fifty years, extolled his transcendant abilities as an actor, and highly commended him for having introduced and kept up the legitimate drama; and, in the name of his admirers, presented him with a costly silver urn. Mr. Kemble returned thanks in a neat and appropriate speech; and Mr Young recited a poem on the occasion, written by Mr. Campbell, the author of the Pleasures of Hope; and after spending a convivial evening, the party broke up at twelve. Such a compliment was never before paid to any actor in this or any other country. M. Talma, the great French actor, was present.

#### HAYMARKET.

THIS favourite little Theatre opened on Monday, the 7th inst. with the successful Comedy of *Exit by Mistake*, in which Miss Matthews made her first appearance. After which, *The Village Lawyer* was performed; the Village Lawyer by Mr. Mathews, from Covent-Garden; and Sheepface by a new candidate named Butler: his performance was respectable, and displayed familiarity with the stage, but the humour which he endeavoured to give the part was too evidently forced; and wanted nature and identity. *Ella Rosenberg* was personated by "a young Lady" with an interesting person, but a very artificial, measured style of speaking. The character was, however, sustained so as to secure much friendly applause. Except being fresh painted, there did not appear to be any material alteration



in the Theatre. On the whole, the performers may be pronounced a good comic company.

Mr. Amherst, from the Theatre-Royal, Cheltenham, made his appearance on the 14th inst. in the character of Megrim, in *The Blue Devils*, and in that of Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*; and was very favourably received in both; but his delineation of the comic character was the most successful.

On Friday the 18th inst. *A Bold Stroke for a Husband* was well performed at this theatre. This is a good comedy, full of lively interest, of shifting situations, of "hair-breadth 'scapes," and of that agreeable spirit of raillery which seems quite lost among us at present. Among the best scenes, and which had most justice done them in the representation, were Terry's (*Don Caesar's*) interview with his neighbour's pretty daughter *Marcella*, whom he does not at all like to marry, but of whom he grows very fond, and is over sweet upon, after they have agreed only to make love in jest; and Mrs. Gibbs's affected fine-lady airs, and natural ebullitions of vulgarity in the interview with her mistress's lover. Mr. Barnard played *Don Julio* very well. Mrs. Connor, as *Donna Victoria*, discovered in her male attire a very pretty figure, and her acting, in some of the scenes, was not without effect and pathos. Mrs. Glover's *Olivia* was not so spirited as we have sometimes seen her perform the same character. Mr. Russell is exquisite in only one character, *Jerry Sneak*; and in the question to *Olivia* about Jew's-harp had nearly fallen into his favourite part.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. PEARMAN, from the Bath Theatre, last night made his first appearance at this house as *Prince Orlando* in the *Cabinet*. His voice is interesting, and possesses much variety; his manner of singing is extremely agreeable; but he resorts to the *falsestto*, in which he is very successful, rather too often. He is fond of ornament, but must be sparing of its use, as his taste does not at all times appear to be chastened and guided by scientific skill. He was favourably received.



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*Morning & Evening Costume for August 18*

*Invented by M<sup>rs</sup> Bell, 52 St. James's Street.*

*Pub. August 1 1817, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*



THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION  
FOR AUGUST, 1817.

MORNING DRESS,

OF cambric muslin, is richly ornamented down the front, and round the bottom with an elegant worked border; it is worn with a half high dress, composed of a double worked frill, which forms a cape. The sleeves are rather loose; and bound to the wrist, which finishes with a double worked frill.

With this beautiful dress is worn a French morning bonnet, composed of green sarsnet, lined with white sarsnet, and ornamented with ribands and a bunch of pale-coloured roses. Shoes and gloves to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS beautiful dress is of pink crape; the body is of pink satin, with a cape of pink crape, ornamented with rouleaus of satin, and trimmed with blond; the bottom of this dress is ornamented with a rich fancy trimming, composed of satin and blond, producing an uncommonly delicate and rich effect.

The head-dress worn with this dress is a beautiful Highland toque, composed of satin and crape, which is most richly ornamented with tassels, riband, and a plume of white feathers, tipped with pink. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

There is a taste and a novelty about these dresses that Mrs. BELL has found particularly attractive amongst ladies in fashionable life.



August 1817

## COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

MORNING DRESSES are made of Perkale, jaconaut muslin, and muslinet; Dinner Dresses, of Perkale and sprigged muslin; and Full Dresses for evening parties, of fine clear muslin, or gauze and tulle. The Morning and Dinner Dresses are made alike; and consist of high gowns and collars, open in front to shew the throat, with a very short waist, the body loose behind, and confined to the waist by a band; the front made tight to the shape. The sleeves are worn long, and either of a moderate fullness, or tight to the arm, with *bouillons* of clear muslin, let in down or across the arm; the *bouillons* are sometimes twisted in the form of a serpent, with a narrow flounce running along each division. When plain long sleeves are preferred, they are finished at bottom by three tucks, and have a roll of muslin across the wrist, and mostly a small half-sleeve over, ornamented with corresponding tucks. A broad pelerine, trimmed with work or lace to correspond with the bottom of the dress, is occasionally affixed to it: the pelerine descends below the waist before and behind; and, by tying a sash over it, forms a jacket. The skirts of dresses are made as wide at top as bottom; and much narrower than usual, but not so tight as formerly. The trimming is much varied; mostly high, with narrow flounces, cut in small scollops, and overcast or finished with fine edging; others have tucks and rolls, of clear muslin, intermixed, and thrown into the form of a cork-screw. Embroidery is in vogue; but lace is entirely out of use.

The Evening Dress is a plain round gown, made short in the waist, and cut low all round the bust: the body is full; but so short as to be entirely concealed by a cestus of white satin, which forms a full rose at the back of the waist: it is disposed in folds in front, and fastened down in the middle by a brilliant ornament. The sleeve, which is made very short, has a triple edging of satin, fancifully disposed like a cork-screw. The trimming of the skirt has the same ornament of satin, with *bouillons* attached.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



ABDALLAH;  
OR,  
THE FATAL GIFT.

A POEM.

THE summer sun in cloudless pomp had risen,  
Diffusing light along the eastern heaven,  
The merry lark, on joyous wing upborne,  
Caroll'd his welcome to the blushing morn,  
On every leaf, on every grassy blade  
The dew-drop trembled, or the wild bee play'd,  
And flocks and herds in scatter'd groups were seen  
Stretch'd o'er the hills, or browsing on the green.  
Smooth flow'd the river, glancing on its way  
The purple glories of the infant day,  
And still as brighter stream'd the orient light  
Back roll'd the misty vapours of the night,  
And all the bloomy landscape laugh'd around,  
Woods, vales, and fields, with freshest verdure crown'd,  
And distant spires, and summits fring'd with blue  
Peep'd out at once, and smil'd upon the view:  
A balmy fragrance wanton'd in the air,  
'Twas life, 'twas health, 'twas gladness every where,  
And universal nature seem'd to raise  
One choral hymn of gratitude and praise.



Deep in his bower Abdallah linger'd yet,  
Indulging sorrow and a vain regret;  
Pensive and pale amid the woodland gloom,  
He mourn'd the harsh condition of his doom,  
And all unsolac'd by a scene so fair  
Dejected turn'd him, sighing with despair.—  
“ Oh! why has heaven, that fram'd us, thus confin'd  
The search and knowledge of the human mind,  
Or why diffus'd that knowledge but in part,  
Expos'd the person, yet conceal'd the heart?  
His judgment fashion'd by no certain rule,  
Man is, at best, opinion's idle tool,  
A vague distinguisher of right and wrong,  
A loose discernor of the motley throng,  
And left at random to conjecture, sees  
Not e'en his very brother as he is,  
But trusts for all his happiness below  
To empty mimicry, and outward show,  
The dupe perhaps of some perfidious slave,  
His wife a strumpet, or his friend a knave.  
Oh! could I pierce with more than mortal ken  
The inmost aims and purposes of men,  
Detect the forward word, the act pursue,  
And read at once the moving motive too,  
How blest my lot, to study as I went  
The germs of thought, the embryos of intent,  
To scan this mazy world with secret glance,  
Nor live again the erring child of chance,  
But suit my love, my friendship, and esteem,  
As men were prov'd, not merely as they seem!”

A sudden murmur, like the fitful breeze,  
Sigh'd through the grove, and rustled in the trees,  
The leafy branches shook disorder'd round,  
The groaning forest pour'd a mystic sound,  
Yet hush'd as death was all the ambient air,  
And not a truant breeze was whispering there.  
Abdallah turn'd—and mark'd with wild surprize  
Slow from the earth a gathering cloud arise,

Whose misty volumes, spreading thro' the wood,  
Dilated broad, and hover'd where he stood.  
Trembling he gaz'd—the solemn silence broke,  
And sternly thus the mighty Genius spoke—  
“Complaining mortal! whose presumptuous grief  
Accuses heaven, and supplicates relief,  
Thy prayers are heard—the destiny is o'er  
Whose sovereign guidance rul'd thy steps before.  
Thrice let thy tongue some favourite blessing claim,  
To mitigate that lot thou dar'st to blame,  
And thrice, whate'er each separate wish may be,  
The yielding fates shall sanction it to thee.”  
With timid rapture knelt the wond'ring boy,  
His pale cheek glowing with distemper'd joy,  
And pausing first, the dubious case to try,  
With lifted hands thus falter'd his reply—  
“Propitious Power! then grant me boundless wealth,  
A lengthen'd life of unremitting health,  
And, last of all, that dearest gift be mine,  
The secret thoughts of others to devine,  
To probe the bosom with unerring skill,  
And read the souls of mortals at my will.”  
“Behold, 'tis done!” the frowning Genius said—  
“I seal these boasted blessings on thy head;  
Thine shall be all that boundless wealth can give,  
Thine the extremest term that man may live,  
Nor less secure that other wish possess'd,  
Whose wild and frantic folly mars the rest.  
This golden amulet, in whose embrace  
The ruby blushes, on thy finger place,  
And when thy curious search would fain discern  
The thoughts of others, or their motives learn,  
Towards thy heart incline the magic stone,  
And thou shalt read them plainly as thy own.  
Enough for me, that he who fram'd thy lot  
Had work'd in wisdom, and abus'd thee not,  
Nor long the lapse of time, mistaken youth!  
Ere thou shalt know that doctrine for a truth:  
Repentance waits on all thy coming years,  
And heaven shall stand acquitted in thy tears.”

He ceas'd—and with a crash like thunder loud  
 Vanish'd in air the vision and the cloud.  
 In mute amaze Abdallah paus'd awhile,  
 Lost and uncertain yet to weep or smile,  
 When suddenly his eyes astonish'd greet  
 The golden circle sparkling at his feet.  
 A shriek of joy that instant spoke too well  
 What fatal raptures in his bosom swell;  
 The warning threat, the parting words of fear  
 Died like a trivial promise on his ear,  
 And stooping down he snatch'd with fervent kiss,  
 Fool that he was! the proffer'd pledge of bliss,  
 A moment gaz'd upon the crimson gem  
 Proud as a monarch of his diadem,  
 Then on his hand the costly jewel plac'd,  
 And back once more his homeward path retrac'd;  
 Resolving yet to wear the ring untried  
 Till wealth and fame a fitter hour supplied,  
 That so his purpose might commence secure,  
 Th' occasion worthy, and the sequel sure.

*(To be continued.)*

### GENIUS.

VAIN is to me the low and mourning breeze,  
 Which swells the requiem of departed day,  
 Pouring sad music through the quiv'ring trees;  
 Vain are the far off sounds which die away,  
 And round mine ear in ling'ring murmurs play.  
 Chaste, tranquil eve! thy sweet and solemn rest  
 Alone could never wake the slumb'ring lay;  
 Much nobler call, and far more high behest,  
 Must fan the secret flame, and rouse the heav'n-born guest!

What shall I call thee? thou, whose placid eye  
 First on the cradle of my boyhood fell,  
 And stamp'd my future doom in infancy!  
 Thou, who first shew'd me that aerial cell,  
 Where, far from mortal ken, the Muses dwell!



There, ever and anon, a wayward child,  
I tried to build the rhyme I lov'd so well ;  
With song the hours of idleness beguil'd,  
Pour'd many an uncouth strain, and o'er its rudeness smil'd.

For much of tourneys, and of barons bold,  
Of spell-wrought feat, I knew, and mystic lore ;  
Of Him who to th' accurs'd his being sold,  
And Him, the matchless wizard, whom of yore  
To the foul fiend an earthly mother bore ;  
Nor less could tell the wand'rings of that knight  
Who from the monster's fangs his leman tore ;  
Thrice sank the wond'ring day-star on their fight,  
And thrice the charmed flood restor'd his fallen might.

Whence is thy secret power, sweet Poesy ;  
The hidden spell that binds my soul so strong ?  
Why 'mid my sorrows can I fly to thee,  
And, rapt in holy mysteries of song,  
Forget the cares which to dull earth belong ?  
It is not He, the bard of courtly ears,  
Nurs'd 'mid the busy hum and flaunting throng,  
That swells my hopes, and solaces my fears ;  
What though he raise my smile, he cannot sooth my tears !

The polish'd numbers of the grotto shade  
Touch no respondent string of grief or joy ;  
At other founts, my weary course is stay'd,  
Where, 'neath her moss-grown cell, the Naiad coy  
Wells forth the spring, unstain'd by art's alloy ;  
To other days the rhymes I love belong,  
(Those lofty rhymes may no rude hand destroy)  
Where truth is twin'd the faery wreath among,  
Fierce wars and faithful loves, the moral and the song.

Still, e'en in dawning manhood's riper age,  
The elder minstrels bid my bosom glow ;  
Oft will they lure me to their magic page,  
And viewless forms and airy fabrics show,  
And teach me shapes of other worlds to know ;

And while I hear their inexpressive strain,  
Far fly the charm-bound fiends of earthly woe :  
Ah! ne'er may reason stretch her chilling reign,  
Unbind this "silken tye," or break this "silver chain!"

ANON.

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### DEATH.

WHEN I am lull'd in Death's long sleep,  
As soon perhaps these eyes may be,  
How very few will turn to weep,  
Or cast one sorrowing thought on me!  
Soon is the debt of outward mourning paid,  
Soon springs the poppy 'neath the cypress shade.

The winds which hurtle o'er my grave  
May breathe faint echoings of a sigh;  
Around my turf the flowers that wave  
May shed their dew-drops where I lie;  
The plaintive bird, who waits upon the spring,  
May swell my requiem chaunt, and nightly sing.

But hush'd for ever 'neath the clay  
Are the fond words by Friendship spoken;  
And dim to me is Heaven's own ray,  
The holy spell of Love is broken;  
I have not now the ONE who by my side  
Would pour the tear which never can be dried!

Mysterious state! I once had fear'd  
To tempt thine unacquainted shade,  
The couch where no man's voice is heard,  
The cell no living steps invade!  
I once had wish'd youth's opening scenes to try,  
Not unknown live, nor unregarded die!

I did not wish this head should bow  
 So soon a nameless tomb beneath ;—  
 The myrtle leaf is wither'd now,  
 What care I for the laurel wreath !  
 Come, Thou dread Power, which ever tread'st more near,  
 Come when thou wilt, I hail thee without fear !

ANON.

### LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING, AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, (NO. 1027) CHANTREY'S CELEBRATED MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY  
 OF TWO ONLY CHILDREN,  
*Intended to be placed in Litchfield Cathedral.\**

Like sisters, link'd in concord's golden chain.

Akenside.

I too have paus'd—and as I gaz'd have shed  
 The tear—to trace the monumental dead  
 Living as 'twere upon their marble bier,  
 Sacred to mem'ry—and to virtue dear !  
 Ah ! sleep awhile—in peaceful slumber rest—  
 No chilling storm shall more disturb the blest,  
 But gentle Pity hover round their shade  
 To guard the fairy rites where they are laid !  
 O ! why has death the pow'r, the will, controul,  
 O'er unity of heart—and innocence of soul !  
 But vain the grief, and selfish is the tear  
 That yet would hold your spotless spirits here—  
 Sisters on earth ye were, and though ye die,  
 Sisters ye are, and cherubs in the sky !  
 Enough to know that Providence is good,  
 And knowing this his ways are understood.

15th July, 1817.

HATT.

\* This is a master-piece of Chantrey's. There is an affecting simplicity in its design. The two sisters are laid asleep in each other's arms, and the execution is truly beautiful, but even that is surpassed by the sweet and tender sentiment of the conception—

“ O ! fairest flowers ! no sooner blown than blasted.”



THE DEATH OF HOPE.

WITHIN the garden of my mind  
 A blooming plant arose,  
 Of all the intellectual flow'rs  
 The loveliest, best that blows :  
 From cank'ring worm and noxious weed  
 I screen'd its tender root ;  
 The virgin blossom flourish'd fair,  
 And promis'd golden fruit!

Each morn the sun of virtue shone  
 Irradiant o'er its stem,  
 And on its budding honours gleam'd  
 Affection's dewy gem ;  
 It breath'd the purest fragrance round,  
 The richest sweets display'd ;  
 Where Pleasure, like the wanton bee,  
 A honied banquet made.

A rosy troop of laughing Joys  
 Danc'd, blythsome, round its bed ;  
 But ah ! they'll frolic there no more,  
 For Hope, their flower, is dead !  
 The freezing blight of slander came—  
 Its little life was o'er—  
 It sicken'd, wither'd, droop'd, and fell,  
 To bloom, alas ! no more!

C. FEIST.

*Solution to our last Enigma—"A TONGUE."*

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NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to reject "Lines on the Death of Mr. Ponsonby," but it is too evident they have been written in much haste.

G. B—n is not admissible, and must vastly improve himself before we can rank him as one of our poetical correspondents.

"Verses supposed to be written by Lord Byron" are below all mediocrity, and nothing but the blindest vanity could have prompted their silly author to give them such a title. We wish some of our correspondents would do themselves the justice to carefully revise their productions before they send them to us for insertion ; it would be no less to their advantage than to our convenience.





*Miss Maria Foote.*

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